Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy unkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens have,
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
Yor. I doe beſeech your Maieſty impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.
Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herefords* love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſty.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſayd:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument.
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

Yor.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they have privelledge to live.
And for theſe great affaires do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance, we doe ſeize to us
The plate, coyne, and revennews, and moveables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Gloſters* death, nor *Herefords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Have ever made me ſowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſoveraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt:
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more mild,
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he never would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not